I have only nine prisoners to superintend here, and one of them has given me an opportunity of showing my skill as a doctor—much to my own surprise. He had had an ague on him for eight months. Recollecting the remedy which cured the folks at Menil, I luckily got the *calamus aromaticus* here, gave him a dose in a glass of wine, and ordered him some broth. The ague left him that day, and has never returned.

I conclude my exile will not be prolonged beyond the 25th of this month, when they say the elections will be over. For my part, *I* should have no objection to another month's exile at this fine season of the year, and this charming situation, where I am absolutely *obliged* to do nothing. Being forced into idleness is a great temptation towards liking it, and one easily learns all the luxury of the *far niente.* I shall turn up my nose at the dirt and closeness of Paris when I return. How long I shall have to remain there will depend upon what our ministers will order me to say or do, agreeable or disagreeable.

May 16th,
1797.

We spent a pleasant day yesterday, having dined at St. Brian, a chateau near the first post